THE DIANA OF TODAY

Modistes Are Busy Making Her Hunting Gowns.

Homespun and Leather to Be the Predominating Features of All Sporting Costumes, With Always a Contrasting Touch of Scarlet or Vivid Green—Some New Buckles.

As September approaches, gowns for the hunting season begin to receive attention. Tweeds, friezes, and homespuns are the favorite materials, and they are made up in browns, greens, and a few deep purples. The friezes are in pastel shades mainly, but there is a color seen in these goods this year which resembles iris blue. Real Scotch and Irish friezes and homespuns are dyed with vegetable coloring and nothing made on this side of the water seems so appropriate for shooting costumes. Binding the hems and strapping the seams with leather of self or contrasting tones is popular again this season. A dark green homespun had on the hem a narrow vandyked border bound with leather of the same shade. There were pockets bound with the same leather having a vandyked flap on either side of the front breadth. The Norfolk jacket had vandyked revers bound with the leather and a green leather belt. It opened at the throat to show a scarlet vest. A shooting gown of brown frieze had a band of scarlet leather with a perforated design on the skirt about two inches above the hem.

This frock had a tight-fitting bodice with revers simply bound with the leather. A wallet of red leather hung from a belt of the same material. A soft flannel shirt in brown and scarlet was displayed by the opening of the revers. Popular shirts for outing wear resemble closely a man's tennis shirt, having a turned-over collar, a flat box pleat down the centre, and a pocket on the left side, according to the "Commercial Advertiser." Norfolk jackets are going to be very popular this fall. But the bolero jacket is still in high favor, appearing in some form or other in most of the new fall gowns. A pretty gray homespun dress had a bolero of which the lower part was shaped tightly to the figure. The darts were concealed by numerous strappings of white cloth. Above the bust it had the pretty scallops seen on the new collarless jackets. The cuffs were strapped with the cloth which appeared again in two bias bands at the bottom of the skirt. With this gown was worn a shirt of crimson silk with a stock belt of black. A burnt straw hat with a deep red straw facing trimmed with a large black velvet bow and of gold buckle completed the costume. A new design for a hunting skirt has a cunning device by which it may be made short or long at pleasure, by means of buckles underneath which the cloth is gathered. When the skirt is shortened it has the appearance of being trimmed with festoons around the skirt, the festoons being held in place at each breadth by buckles. Two of the most delightful features of the new shooting suits are the pockets on the outside of the skirt and the capacious pocket on the shirt.

An English tailor has introduced a novelty in sporting skirts. They are furnished with small straps and buckles at intervals that enable the skirt to be looped up in a folded tunic when engaged in golfing or hunting, while it may be lowered to ordinary length in the house. Such a makeshift is not likely to become popular, however, and is worth mention only as a novelty.

For a sporting wrap, nothing even remotely threatens the supremacy of the golf cape. The new ones are longer than those of last season and of more ample width. Some wraps appear with the old-fashioned 'cape sleeve."

There is nothing new in bicycle skirts. The simple "saddle back" with large pleats is still the only style seen, and the Eton jacket supplements the cashmere or French flannel shirt.

The woman of fashion as well as the woman of toil refuses to banish the shirt waist, and that useful garment will continue to be worn this season. The swellest shirts are made of butcher's linen, with no trimmings but dainty tucks of the same material. Many others will be made of batiste, this material being a close second in popularity.

For afternoon the early summer girl will wear dainty shirt waists of liberty silk. These are made in all shades, but navy blue is to be the favorite.

Men Who Wear Corsets.

There is an unfortunate tendency among middle-aged men of the present day to become—to put it mildly—stout. An old man, if he is content to grow old gracefully, and not try to counterfeit a young man, can view his growing "corporation" with comparative indifference, but a man, say of forty or forty-five can only "view with alarm" such an increase, says the "New York Press."

There is a well-authenticated rumor afloat that corsets for men are being introduced and largely worn to correct this unkind demonstration of nature. An attendant at a Turkish bath recently said in an interview that more men wore corsets than the general public had any idea of.

"And they lace pretty tight, too," he continued. "I know, for I help to lace them up every day."

In England, where the practice seems to be more general than in this country, there has been considerable discussion about it in the papers, and "Modern Society," a publication devoted to "society" people and their whims, had this pathetic communication concerning "he corseting:"

"I am so glad to notice you have started a correspondence about corsets for men. I want to know more about them from some man who wears them—not the opinion of the waisted (and wasted) frock-coated dude, but the experience of an ordinary creature who lives an ordinary life. I feel certain I want something to check that awful sign of middle age, known as a corporation. I cannot say I am in favor of corseting little boys—or little girls, for that matter—their bodies when they are growing, need plenty of room for development. I have long since ceased growing, but I continue to develop in a manner which is neither pleasing nor comfortable.

"Does the man's corset require a second person to lace it up? Have the steels a tendency to snap and pierce one's precious skin? Wearing one, could I bicycle, golf, and row as much as ever? I am dreadfully energetic. Are the 'male' things very expensive? And need I have them of different colors to match my cloths? Is a different shape necessary for evening wear? 'Beatrice' says that recently at a tennis party among the gentlemen (I wish she had simply said 'men') the corset was much in evidence. I should not like that, but perhaps it is only distinguishable through flannels. Anyhow, I must do something, and shall be very grateful if my enquiries can be satisfactorily answered."

She Answered to Her Helm.

The Navy girl has a new story. A ball was given, and there came to it some very youthful naval officers, of whom several stood at the doorway and watched the guests arrive. One rather stout and tall young girl swept into the room with an air of carrying all before her. "A frigate in full sail," whispered a lieutenant to a friend, as she passed. The girl overheard the remark. By and by he asked her to give him a dance. "One doesn't trust a frigate to a lieutenant," she replied with a mischievous smile.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE WOMEN OF DEERFIELD.

And the Result of Their Efforts to Develop Village Life.

A model Village Arts and Crafts Society exists at Deerfield, Mass., the Deerfield of tragic history in the French and Indian war, and in modern times of fine old houses, rare colonial relics, and the most beautiful of shade trees. Its exhibition last week was a revelation of the possibilities in a little village of a single street.

The room in which the exhibit was made, the Martha Goulding Pratt Memorial, was in itself, worth seeing. For twenty-five years Miss Pratt was the postmistress at Deerfield. Her work and service radiated from behind the pigeonholed mail-boxes to every home in the village and every farm homestead in the country roundabout. When she died, in 1897, her friends and neighbors, in affectionate appreciation of her noble life, established a village room in her memory. The Memorial House, built and furnished for about a thousand dollars, is a low, oblong building of one story, with a pretty portico entrance. Its one room, besides coatroom, kitchen, pantry, etc., is a capacious home-like apartment with corner seats, book shelves, leaded windows, and an old-fashioned fireplace in tasteful colonial simplicity. The walls are hung with paper of soft green tint which harmonizes effectively with the white woodwork of dado and chimneypiece. Cushions of green are in the corner seats and white dimity curtains drape the pretty windows. In this suitable setting the attractive industries of Deerfields were shown, says a writer to the "New York Evening Post."

The walls were hung with hand-made rugs, whose soft artistic colors are the modern interpretation of the old-time rag-weaving. The durability of the colonial hand-made carpets was there united with the improving touch of an advanced taste. The prices range from $6 to $16, according to size. Thirty or forty of these were shown in shaded and mixed tints of tans, browns, greens, blues, with occasional effective dashes of brighter yellow and scarlet. On the wall, too, were several samples of the old-fashioned netted bed testers that are finding sale now as valances to the modern sleeping couch. Hand-made fringes and laces for the dimity spreads that were popular with our great-grandmothers were also shown.

Spread out upon beautiful old tables of polished mahogany, loaned for the occasion, were fully fifty pieces of new and exquisite work of the famous Deerfield Blue and White Needlework Society. This society really gave the impetus to the Village Arts and Crafts Association. Its founders, the Misses Whiting and Miller, lend their artistic skill to all the village enterprises, and it is primarily through their efforts that these exhibitions have been successfully established. The Blue and White Society is constantly developing the scope of its work while conscientiously preserving its unique character.

The latest industry to be developed at Deerfield is that of weaving palm-leaf baskets. The movement was started by a city woman, who saw the possibilities, and asked everyone interested to come to the village hotel and see what could be done. Another woman, a former resident of the place, home on a visit, gave a few lessons in the work to those who wished to undertake it, and a club of basket-weavers was the result. The first promoters supplied the link between city buyers and country workers, and the enterprise has flourished remarkably. The work is the same in principle as the old-fashioned palm-leaf hat-weaving that was a common accomplishment in the days when these hats were legal tender at the country stores. It was not remarkable that in a community like Deerfield a number of women were found to recall their youthful skill, and these, with others who are new but quick to learn the simple art, make up the "Deerfield Basket-Makers." They only began work for the market last fall, and already they find difficulty in supplying the demand, so pleasing are the dainty, beautifully woven big and little baskets which they produce. Many fine specimens were shown at the exhibition.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, who owns a Deerfield homestead and spends her summers there, exhibited some of her work in silver, copper, and enamel, together with a few leather bags with metal trimmings which she has lately begun to make. Mrs. Wynne contributed also a decorated box in brown and ochre coloring, the design being a very odd composition of newts swimming in running water. Miss Annie G. Putnam, of Deerfield, showed an excellent piece of decorated leather in the form of a country house mail bag, and a beautiful almond bowl and spoon in silver with color in enamel; also a pair of small silver cups shaped like a flower. A valuable feature of Deerfield's growing interest in art is shown by the fact that the iron hinges on Mrs. Wynne's box and on a desk shown by Miss Margaret C. Whiting were made by the village blacksmith. Although quite unacquainted with this sort of work, he has made an interesting decorative feature of the hinges, and it is hoped this may be but a beginning of more original work in the way of wrought iron on his part. The Misses Allen, who have been so successful in portraits, character studies as well as scenes from nature, showed a good collection of figure pieces and landscape compositions of recent production, among them a series of illustrations for magazines. Although their work is done entirely with the camera, it assumes the importance of artistic work. Deerfield should be proud of what it has already developed and promises for the future.

A Shirt-Waist Party.

Here is an item which Mrs. Solomon, at least, would admit to be something new under the sun. The "Chicago Times-Herald" claims to have just discovered it, in the "society column of the 'Gayville Gazette.'"

The Mingleswish Yacht Club gave its first shirt waist party last night, the elite of the town being present. All the gentlemen in attendance wore shirt waists, and some of the costumes were marvels of the furnisher's art. Dancing was indulged in after a promenade on the spacious verandas of the clubhouse. Among the most striking costumes noted were the following:

Willie James—Scarlet waist with yoke, trimmed with point lace. Frills in front and necklace of seed pearls.

Harry Loveman looked as beautiful as a fairy queen in a turquoise-blue waist, cut low in front, with short, ruffled sleeves and a broad sash, daintily looped up behind.

Tommie Flemming was very sweet in a canary-colored shirt waist of fine silk, with passementerie and applique accessories. He carried a bouquet of maidenhair fern and American Beauty roses.

Jack Renfrew—Pale grey waist, fulled in front, with dimity caught in loops over the corsage. Mr. Renfrew wore a beautiful sunburst at the throat and made a very lady-like appearance.

Addison Strong was sweet and graceful in a pink sleeveless waist, held up by shoulder-straps and ornamented with old point lace. He wore a large bow at the left side, and but for a prominent vaccination mark would have presented a faultless appearance.

Tom Gudgeon was as radiant as a May morning in a wonderful creation of yellow and black, with gauze insertion above the low-cut bosom. The back was V-shaped. A large rosette at the front, with loosely caught ribbons reaching to the belt, gave an empire effect that was very becoming to Mr. Gudgeon's style of beauty.

The Humorous Huckster.

"How's your lettuce this morning?" asked the housekeeper.

"Splendid, lady," replied the facetious huckster. "It's good and it's cheap; so cheap that we all call it the 'advance agent.'"

"The 'advance agent!' Why do you call it that?"

"Because it's one cent ahead."—Philadelphia Press.

Paris Fashions.

Illustrated by Felix Fournery.

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In the Paris Salon.
Design by Robert.

PARIS, Aug. 13.—The demi-toilette for elegant indoor wear holds its own at all seasons and though it is not so absolutely dependent upon the edicts of fashion as the out-of-door costume is, it may be endowed with some becoming novelties that may serve as hints for the near future. Among the many striking gowns just turned out by Robert, a graceful demi-toilette designed for informal receptions at home but equally serviceable as a dressy promenade or carriage frock recommends some novelties which are worthy of imitation.

It is of pastel blue foulard, and shows an original mode of decoration which tends to make the figure appear more slender, and adds to its length. Velvet ribbon of a darker shade of blue and about an inch in width stripes the foulard skirt which is shaped by means of eleven narrow gores, the seams being hidden by the ribbon. This ingenious cut commends itself particularly to those inclined to embonpoint. At the back the bias seam widens the skirt considerably from the waistline downward, and the ribbon bands are applied in deep points all the way down.

A deep flounce of blue foulard forms the hem trimming and is supported by the equally deep pleating of the taffeta underskirt of the same blue shade. The bodice is equally novel in construction. It consists of a blouse vest of white chiffon crimped over the tight lining of pastel blue taffeta and confined about the waist by a corselet of blue foulard fitted and bound to follow the lines of the figure. On the bolero the velvet stripes again are posed vertically, and a jaunty touch is given by turned-up corners in front of the little jacket showing a face of white satin. The tight elbow sleeves of velvet-striped foulard show the same little revers of white satin, from which escapes a white jabot of white guipure lace to form a becoming frame to the elbow. The trimming is repeated by the collar and fall of the same rich lace on both sides of the bolero. There is a high shaped stock of blue foulard striped with velvet and closing in front under a jabot of white chiffon edged with Brussels lace.

Cloth gowns indicate the turning point of the summer and at present occupy the attention of every woman of fashion. Gold and silver braid form a prominent mode of decoration on many dressy models, among which one graceful model deserves mention, as it forms an appropriate transition from the summer wear light in texture and colors to the heavier autumnal qualities. It is of cream white cloth and lined with soft white satin. The skirt has a deep satin lined panel over each hip and reaching to the hem of the long skirt. These panels are lined with satin and held on each side with gilt passementerics. There is a short bolero decorated with gilt galloons and gilt braid, and cut low around the neck, showing a blouse of pleated white mousseline with a stock and wide corselet belt of folded orange panne velvet. A large-brimmed hat of white felt simply trimmed with a gold cord and tassels finishes this girlish costume.

Another Robert gown shows the combination of cloth and liberty mousseline. The skirt is often cloth cut circular and finished below the knees with deep pointed scallops. A wide offunce of pleated liberty mousseline of the same shade is attached to the silk foundation skirt under the scallops and forms the flare. The familiar bolero, which seems to have a stronger hold on public favor than ever, also greets us in this costume. It is of tan cloth, and closes in front with two deep points held by two gold filigree buttons. The collar and shoulder points are of ochre guipure appliqued on cream-colored satin, and the wide belt and collar are of crimped cream-colored mousseline de sole over satin of the same shade. A picture hat of tan beaver felt, faced with golden brown velvet and trimmed with long amazon plumes, shading from brown to cream, completes this "study in tans."

According to all indications, the tight clinging effects will continue, though a tending toward draperies makes itself felt in deep pleats and panels, which, however, are closely adjusted to the figure, and so far serve the purpose of increasing the flare only. In many walking as well as house toilettes the gores of the skirt separate at or below the knee line, and forming panels, disclose deep fan pleatings of different but harmonizing color. This is particularly in evidence in some very striking plaid costumes in tailor-made style, one of which, for example, in a small dark blue and green pattern with a dash of red in it, has these deep fans of red taffeta inserted between the seven gores of the skirt. A blouse of red taffeta is worn, but almost covered by the short jacket of the plaid goods, with collar, revers, and deep cuffs of red taffeta closely stitched with many rows of red silk.

FELIX FOURNERY.

FAMOUS FEMININE WITS.

Do English Women Outshine Their American Sisters in Conversation?

London differs from New York in the possession of a group of women who have made a reputation for themselves as conversationalists, and independent of what their other charms may be are famed in this respect. Their presence at a dinner, says the "New York Sun," is said to be largely sought by hostesses more interested in the success of their entertainments than in the impression they may make personally. The woman now accounted the most brilliant conversationalist in London is Lady Dorothy Neville. She is said to be equal to the task of supplying animation and wit at the very dullest kind of a dinner, and while it is a little bit discouraging to read that she is famed for the quality and quantity of her anecdotes, her claims to wit must be well founded, as she has held her place in London society for some years without dispute. It is improbable that a woman in New York society would ever become famous because she told anecdotes at dinner, and invitations in her case would probably grow less frequent, instead of more numerous, as they have in the case of Lady Dorothy Neville. But London standards are evidently different, as the reputation of Miss Helen Henniker, sister of Lord Henniker, considered one of the most brilliant women talkers, will readily show. She is said to have made her reputation chiefly through the wonderful brilliancy of her riddles that have been known to keep smart London diners guessing through the greater part of a meal.

It is doubtful if that gift would serve to make a reputation for cleverness in New York society, unless there were some quite unusual quality in the riddles. The former Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith, is another woman who maintains her ability to talk entertainingly, without possessing any of the marked peculiarities of the other two women who share her reputation. The conversation of Mrs. William James is said to be the secret of her success, and it was once potent enough to gain for her and her husband the honor of a visit from the Prince of Wales, who is said to take a great delight in Mrs. James' wit. Several other women have gained the reputation of brilliancy of talk, and one of these made a visit several years ago to Newport, says a write in the "Savannah News." It was admitted there that her conversation was vivacious and interesting. Some evidence of its character may be had from an experience that befell her at Newport. She was just beginning to tell an anecdote when one of the women in the group arose and went toward an open window. "Don't you want to hear Mrs. X's story?" one of the other listeners in the group tactlessly asked. "Yes," was the answer. "I don't mind hearing it myself. But my daughter is sitting on the piazza and I'd rather close this window before it is told." The conversationalist with a reputation smiled, as if she thought that rather a tribute to her powers, and went on with the anecdote.

Hard on Society Girls.

A reporter for a London daily paper asked the following question of Miss Hallie Erminie Rives: "And you you think your upper-class girls—the girl in smart society, the 'summer girl,' the graduate of 'Vassar,' or of 'Wellesley'—are good readers?"

Miss Rives answered: "No; not the ordinary society girl. I don't think she is half as well read as your society ladies are over here. They have ceased to realize that work—mental or physical—is at all necessary. They are not brilliant either in speech or thought as society leaders should be. Our society women have no real influence on the life of the nation. I think a great deal of my own sex—every American woman does—but I am equally convinced that each particular race is stamped, as to its great character lines, by its men. But all the same, I think that if our men make too much of their women, you think too little of yours. I wouldn't marry an Englishman for world's, because he would count me as second, and I want to be first all the time. I don't want to be an Englishwoman, but I think an Englishman makes her a good husband, for she knows no better."

No Old Maids in China.

One rarely sees girls in China, says a writer in the "London Mail." They marry so young that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There is no blushing "fifteen" or "sweet sixteen," no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no billets-doux. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle.

The only joy of a woman's life is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate, artistic science curious to see. Their hair is invariably black, and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and stiffened with gum. It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, pugs, or hairpins.

There are no spinsters in China except the nuns who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed a la teapot.

ICE CREAM'S PEDIGREE.

Tells Ought to Interest the Washington Summer Girl.

"Ladies and gentlemen may be supplied with ice cream by their humble servant, Joseph Crowe." This advertisement appeared in the "New York Post-Boy" of June 8, 1786.

Some one who has been hunting up the history of ice cream says that pyramids of red and white ice cream, with punch and liquors, rose, cinnamon, and parfait amour, were served by a Mrs. Johnson, of New York, at a ball given by her on December 12, 1789.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was the first to introduce ice cream in Washington, and it was always afterward a delight to her to tell how President Jackson had no sooner tasted it than he declared that in the future it should form a part of the White House menus. Guests at the next social function at the Executive Mansion are said to have tasted very gingerly the frozen mystery. Those especially from the rural districts eyed it with especial suspicion and melted each spoonful carefully before swallowing it.

At Mrs. Hamilton's suggestion, a negro by the name of Jackson, who kept a confectionery store there at the time, filled quart cans with custard and imbedded them in tubs of ice. These he sold for $1 each. Others followed him, but he retained the reputation of making the best ice cream, and became rich as a result. It came to be hawked about the streets like the present hokey pokey, but remained an expensive luxury.

Saltpetre was first used in Italy to cool drinks in the middle of the sixteenth century. As early as the first of the seventeenth century fruits were frozen in ice by the French, and ice cups became common. Iced liquors were introduced by the lemonade sellers of Paris in 1660. About 1774 the Duc de Chartres was surprised to find his coat-of-arms molded in ice.

"Madam," said the tramp to the farmers' wife, "have you any objection to my lying down in one of your fence corners and dying?"

"No objection at all," replied the lady. "Over in that corner you will find a lot of straw."

"I wouldn't dare to lie on your straw, madam," said the tramp; "I'm so hungry that I'd be sure to wake up and find myself eating it."

"We have plenty more," said the farmer's wife, as she closed the door.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Willie," asked his mother, "are you making the baby cry?"

"No, mother," replied the boy, "I'm holdin' my hand over her mouth to make her stop."—Answers.

WHAT ABOUT THIS NUN?

Would She Have Been Happier in the World?

Mother Cecelia, of the Ursuline Convent, left her cloister last week at the direction of her superiors and physician, to take a trip to Babylon, for the benefit of her health. When she crossed the threshold of her convent it was her first glimpse of the outside world for fifty-five years. She had never had a ride on a railroad, had never seen a high building, and was as astonished as Alice in Wonderland might have been every step of her journey from the convent to the end of her destination. The "Brooklyn Eagle," commenting on Mother Cecelia's long life of self-effacement, has this to say editorially concerning her method of spending her life.

"Now, one cannot help asking whether this woman has missed much that is worth while during the years that she has been living a life of quiet contemplation in the Bronx region. She had inherited a fortune of $100,000 and at the age of seventeen years she gave it and herself to the convent. She has not had the worries and the anxieties that perplex people who take an active part in life and she has grown old peacefully and quietly. Is the stress and strife of competitive life worth while? It must be confessed that most men think so, for they engage in struggle for success. If they stop the struggle they die. The active business man who is willing to retire when he has made a comfortable fortune is the exception. It often happens that when the demands of business are withdrawn the man dies. He has no other resource. The habit of quiet contemplation has not been cultivated. He cannot loaf and invite his soul. He must "hustle" and beat his competitors, and keep at it so long as he lives. And he is best contented if he dies suddenly, as C. P. Huntington had just died.

"The strenuous life has not touched this nun. Its ambitions and its heartburns have not caused her a sleepless night and she has lived her life developing the graces of character from the seeds implanted in her mind and heart, and she will doubtless die when her time comes more content than half of the people who have known and experienced more of what men are pleased to call modern progress.

"The wonders of this progress are material, however, as the preachers are wont to say. The men and women who ride in electric cars or in automobiles are made of no better stuff than their ancestors. Their purposes are no higher and if all achievement depends on the motive behind it their humane institutions and benedicent charities make them no more worthy than the past generations with their cruder and rougher ways. What is modern progress that it should be boasted of so loudly? The telegraph makes the world smaller and facilitates the accomplishment of villany as well as of virtue. The printing press disseminates vicious as well as elevating literature. And the schools educate criminals as well as respectable citizens. With all the external changes humanity is pretty much the same, and this nun, though she had not ridden on a railroad until Tuesday, will be found to be very like her kinsfolk who have lived outside of a convent save, perhaps, her ways will be more direct and simple and less complicated by considerations of social convention. The cloistered life has advantages, else there would not be people who would take to it."

"Her Low, Sweet Voice."

Shakespeare wrote something immortal about the low, sweet voice of woman, that has been quoted steadily ever since it got into print. In the abstract the Bard of Avon is right, but there are people—good, plain, everyday people with no special sense of the ideal and perhaps no special sense of hearing who prefer this low-toned lady would speak out when she had anything to say. Among the daring critics who venture to cast a stone at the quotation is a writer in the "Philadelphia Enquirer" who gives an experience by way of illustration. Here it is:

Theoretically, a low, sweet voice in woman is not only an excellent thing, but so attractive a one that it arouses general admiration. There are numbers of the sex, however, who cultivate low tones without taking thought for the clearness of enunciation that should characterize them, and these ladies are both a trial to their friends and a grievance to that part of the public with which they come in contact.

Such a one was described the other evening by a man who has her for his vis-a-vis at his boarding house table and whose nerves are worn to a thread, he says, by his efforts to understand her.

"I only hear a word she says now and then," he complained, "so I say 'I beg pardon,' and 'What did you say?' in reply until I'm ashamed of myself, and then I answer at random until her surprised face brings me to a sudden halt.

"This evening, for instance, our conversation was something like this: She began it after salutations had been exchanged—she always does begin it:

"'Mr. Jones,' she said, 'ur-ur-ur-ur-my-sister-ur-ur-ur.'

"'I beg pardon,' said I, politely; 'I didn't quite understand what you said.'

"'Why, ur-ur-ur, my sister-ur-ur-ur this evening.'

"'Indeed.' I responded with affected amazement. 'I had no idea she would do such a thing, and only this evening, too.'

"This caused the young woman to renew her efforts to make me understand, and after only about ten minutes more of questions and inarticulate explanations I finally was brought to understand that she had invited me to go with her that evening to visit her sister.

"No, I don't like a low voice in woman; I like a good, strong, lusty tone that will carry at least across a table, and that doesn't keep one guessing all the time. I don't object to any amount of sweetness, so that it isn't too great to prevent a clear enunciation.

"I tell you, the difficulty I have in understanding this vis-a-vis of mine is going to result in nervous prostration in the end; see if it doesn't."

Womanhood in Japan.

In Japan the position of woman is higher than in any other Asiatic country. "The Great Learning for Women," a treatise composed by the celebrated novelist, Kaibara, gives the ideas that have long prevailed in Japan. A few extracts from Prof. Chamberlain's translation will show their general spirit. The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness.

"It is the chief duty of a girl living in the parental house to practice filial piety toward her father and mother. But after marriage her chief duty is to honor her father-in-law and mother-in-law, to honor them beyond her own father and mother, to love and reverence them with all ardor, and to tend them with every practice and filial piety. A woman has no particular lord. She must look to her husband as her lord, and must serve him with all worship and reverence, not despising or thinking lightly of him. The great life-long duty of woman is obedience. The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and sullenness. We are told that it was the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to lie it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this may be seen the lifeting of the man to heaven, and of the woman to earth; and the custom should teach a woman how necessary it is for her in everything to yield to her husband the first and to be herself content with the second place."

Royal Recognition.

Gifts from Queen Victoria were given to the artists after the "command" performance recently at Windsor. The Queen's portrait in a silver frame was presented to Mme. Baurmeister, a brooch to Mdlle. Maubourg, and a sapphire bracelet to Mme. Suzanne Adams. Mr. Grau received a silver cigar box with the royal initials, Mr. Flon a jeweled shirt stud, and Neil Forsythe a handsome cigarette case.

THE GOLF-MADE WIDOW

A Matron of Today Must Play or Give Up Her Husband.

She Is the Victim of a Mate Who, in Turn, Is a Victim of the Fashionable Game—The Wife of the Commuter Has a Specially Hard Time. Only Hope of the Deserted Wife.

For several years now the golf widow's situation has been most pathetic, but she gets very little sympathy from anyone save the other golf widows, and they are too busy sympathizing with themselves to feel another's woes. The attitude of the general public toward the stricken one is, "Serves her right. Anyone who is fool enough to play the game deserves any hard luck she gets." Your true zealot is proverbially hard-hearted.

A married woman of today must play golf or give up her husband. Even when she plays she has the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the flutter of his golf coat across a far bunker, but that is something. It's a devoted and self-sacrificing man who plays golf with his own wife, save at rare intervals, when no man friend is in sight, or when he feels inclined to show his proud superiority by a little valuable instruction. Flattery judiciously administered will also bring the family together on the links occasionally. If a wife can only bring herself to a condition of awe-stuck appreciation, and knows just enough about the game to wonder and adore in technical sporting terms, she may be allowed to trail around the links with her husband, but it takes tact to achieve this proud distinction. The most she can hope for under ordinary circumstances is to lunch or dine with her golf-smitten husband, and hear him fight his battles over again; but that is better than dining and lunching alone, and she may prevent complete and final estrangement.

The wife of a commuter has an especially hard time, says the "Inter-Ocean." He is so hurried, and he really doesn't have time to go home at all save for the purposes of sleep. Yet, after all, the city man does the same thing, and it is harder for his wife to follow him to the links than it is for the wife of the commuter to follow him, so perhaps honors are easy. The business man doesn't go home from the office to change his clothes. Not he. He keeps half his golf togs in his locker at the club. As early as he can possibly cut business he leaves the office, races for a train, goes straight to the links, plays until dark, and dines at the clubhouse, where he and the other men tell what happened. Later he goes home so tired and sleepy that he doesn't stand upon the order of his going to bed, but goes at once, unless he stays awake long enough to tell his wife about a phenomenal drive from the sixth tee and the spectacular long put by which he halved the seventh hole. If she don't know the tee from lemonade, so much the worse for her.

The golfer goes to the office early, so that he can get away early, and in the grey dawn he talks across the breakfast table about the virtues of his new brassy and the approach he has learned from Vardon. Then he goes off, wondering whether the weather will be too heavy for good work across the green, and calling back over his shoulder that he will not be at home for dinner unless it rains hard.

Countless golf widows are praying for rain as ardently as a Texas farmer in time of drought. A wet season is their only hope, and the wetness must be of the wettest variety. No ordinary drizzle will stop a golf game. No thunder shower will daunt a golf fiend.

"Over at home," says Willie (every well-regulated and warranted professional is a Willie, though there is some slight variety in our names), "no one wad think o' stopping for a Scotch mist, and any Scotch mist is a deal worse than this bit of drizzle."

And the American devotees of the ancient royal game turn up their coat collars, take a grip upon their clubs and their stoicism, and paddle around the links, warmed by the thought that they are living up to Scotch tradition, and that the quality of the clubhouse "Scotch" is beyond reproach.

So only a summer of continuous and pouring rain can restore the golfing husband to the arms of a non-golfing wife, and, if there is anything in prayer, it's a lucky thing for the general public that the golfers are praying for fair weather as earnestly as the golf widows are praying for foul, and that the former class outnumber the latter.

Saturday and Sunday used to be the days for domestic joys, with the tired business man. They are field days now, and the insidious thing about the game is that there's no age limit immunity from attacks of the disease. Anything from the infant to the octogenarian is fair prey for the golf germ, and only paralysis or blindness can make masculinity immune. Local attacks of morality have stopped Sunday playing in certain clubs, and there has been a good deal of eloquent arguing for and against it. There's no denying that a day on the links is a tremendous physical invigorator for a man confined to an office during the week, and when one gets into the morals of the problem, the issues are sadly complicated, but there's the golf widow. Some concession ought to be made to her, but, up to date, no silver-tongued orator has pleaded her cause.

On the whole, the best thing the deserted wives can do is to get into the game, whether they like it or not. They may hate violent exercise, and the sun may give them headaches and ruin their complexions, and they may find golfing so fatiguing and time-consuming that it leaves no time or energy for social duties or care of home and children; but if they are going to leave all things and cleave to their husbands, they will have to do their cleaving on the golf links. If health or home cares absolutely prevent their playing the game, they will have to summon their feminine fortitude and resign themselves to the role of golf widow.

Woman's Seven Ages.

It is held by a recent writer on woman that the seven stages in her life may be reckoned as composed of multiples of seven. The first seven years are infancy, the second seven childhood, the third seven girlhood, the fourth group brings a fully developed womanhood. From twenty-eight to thirty-five—the fifth seven—might be called the infancy of age, for in those years one learns to exercise the faculties and perceptions that have been developing in the previous groups. Up to the age of forty-two the lessons go on. Character is being matured and fixed, the definite trend of life established. After that few changes are made in the real person. Slight variations and modifications of opinion there may be, but nothing deep or vital is likely to transform the life.

The common phrase, "a confirmed old bachelor," and "a confirmed old maid," applied to unmarried men and women over forty, are tacit admissions of that fact, intimating that mental and physical habits are so strongly rooted the adaptability of earlier years has ceased to exist, and the person is incapable of adjustment to a new environment. The tale goes on. Fifty-six, a sturdy middle life; sixty-three, the encroachment of age; seventy-three, the span of existence—the decade of sevens, beyond which lies a mere waiting for the end.

Value of Fame.

"O, dear," said the poet's wife, "I wish you'd hurry up and become famous."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because there are several women in this street that I'm just dying to snub."—Stray Stories.